

*The first part of the contention of the two famous*  
Come Madame, let vs goe.

*exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Lord Scayles vpon the Tower  
walls walking.*

*Enter three or foure citizens below.*

*L. Scayles* How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

*1 Citizen* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,  
For they haue wonne the bridge,  
Killing all those that withstand them,  
The Lord Maior craueth aid of your honor from the Tower,  
To defend the cittie from the rebells.

*L. Scayles* Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,  
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,  
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,  
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,  
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe:  
Fight for your King, your country, and your liues,  
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

*exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his sword  
vpon London stone.*

*Cade* Now is Mortimer Lord of this cittie,  
And now sitting vpon London stone, we commaund,  
That the first yeare of our raigne,  
The pissing conduit run nothing but red wine,  
And now henceforth, it shall be treason  
For any that calls me otherwise then  
Lord Mortimer.

*Enter a souldier.*

*sould.* Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

*Cade* Zounes knocke him downe.

*they kill him.*

*Dicke* My Lord, theres an Army gathered together  
Into Smithfield.

*Cade* Come then, lets go fight with them,  
But first go on and set London bridge on fire:  
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too,  
Come lets away.

*exeunt omnes.*

*Alarmes, and then Mathew Goffe is slaine, and al the rest with him:  
then enter Iacke Cade again, and his company.*

*Cade.*

*houses, of Yorke and L*

*Cade* So sirs, now go some and put  
Others to the Innes of the court, downe

*Dicke* I haue a sute vnto your Lord

*Cade.* Be it a lordship Dicke, and the  
For that word.

*Dicke.* That we may go burne all the  
And that all writing may be put downe  
And nothing vsde but the score and the

*Cade.* Dick it shall be so, and hence  
in common, and in Cheapside shall be  
Why ist not a miserable thing, that a  
lamb, should parchment be made, and  
ouer with inke, a man should vndo his

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but  
am sure I neuer seald to any thing but  
mine owne man since.

*Nicke.* But when shall we take vp the  
Which you told vs of?

*Cade.* Mary he that wil lustily stand  
Shall go with me, and take vp these  
Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a peticote and

*Enter George*

*George.* My Lord, a prize, a prize,  
Which sold the townes in France.

*Cade.* Come hither thou Say, thou  
What answer canst thou make vnto  
For deliuering vp the townes in France  
cue the Dolphin of France?

And more the so, thou hast most tra  
mer school, to infect the youth of the  
Crowne and dignitie, thou hast built  
be said to thy face, that thou keepst  
reades of bookes with red letters, and  
Verb, and such abominable words,  
to indure it: and besides al that, thou  
stices of peace in euery shire to hang  
their liuing, and because they could